DC
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50¢
ALL NEW!
NO. 113
NOV.
IN THE INFINITE DARKNESS THEY ARE WAITING!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
FUTURISTIC FANTASY THAT WILL CHILL YOU!
MYSTERY IN SPACE
THEY ARE EVERYWHERE-- AND YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THEM!
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WHEN A WORLD IS TOO ADVANCED--TOO SECURE--TOO PERFECT...THERE IS BOUND TO BE...

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

GEORGE KASHDAN · MICHAEL GOLDEN & BOB WIACEK · ALBERT DE GUZMAN · GENE D'ANGELO
STORY ART LETTERS COLORS

WHO COULD RESIST THE WANT AD THAT APPEARED, ONE MORNING, IN PLANET EARTH'S FOREMOST TECHNOLOGICAL JOURNALS?

5 HELP WANTED
COMPUTER SPECIALISTS (3)
TOP SALARY, BENEFITS. FREE HOUSING, OTHER PERQUISITES. BEAM RESUME TO PLANETOID OREGA, GALACTIC-CO-ORDINATES 38. V922M-J810H.64...

OUT OF MILLIONS OF APPLICANTS, THREE ARE CHOSEN...

FASTEN YOUR SAFETY-BELTS, EARTH-FOLKS... WE'RE ABOUT TO ENTER OREGA'S GRAVITATIONAL PULL!

THERE IT IS, ON THE VIEWSCREEN!

THAT DARK, UGLY MASS? IT LOOKS LIKE A WASTELAND!

GREAT STARS! WE'RE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM THE SURFACE!

PILOT! RETROS! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

WHAT--? IT'S SOME SORT OF SHIELD!

PHLOOP

RIGHT, EARTH-FOLKS... SELF-SEALING PLASTIC! NOTHING CAN PENETRATE IT EXCEPT A SPECIAL SUBSTANCE CONTAINED IN THE SHIP'S NOSE-CONE!

1

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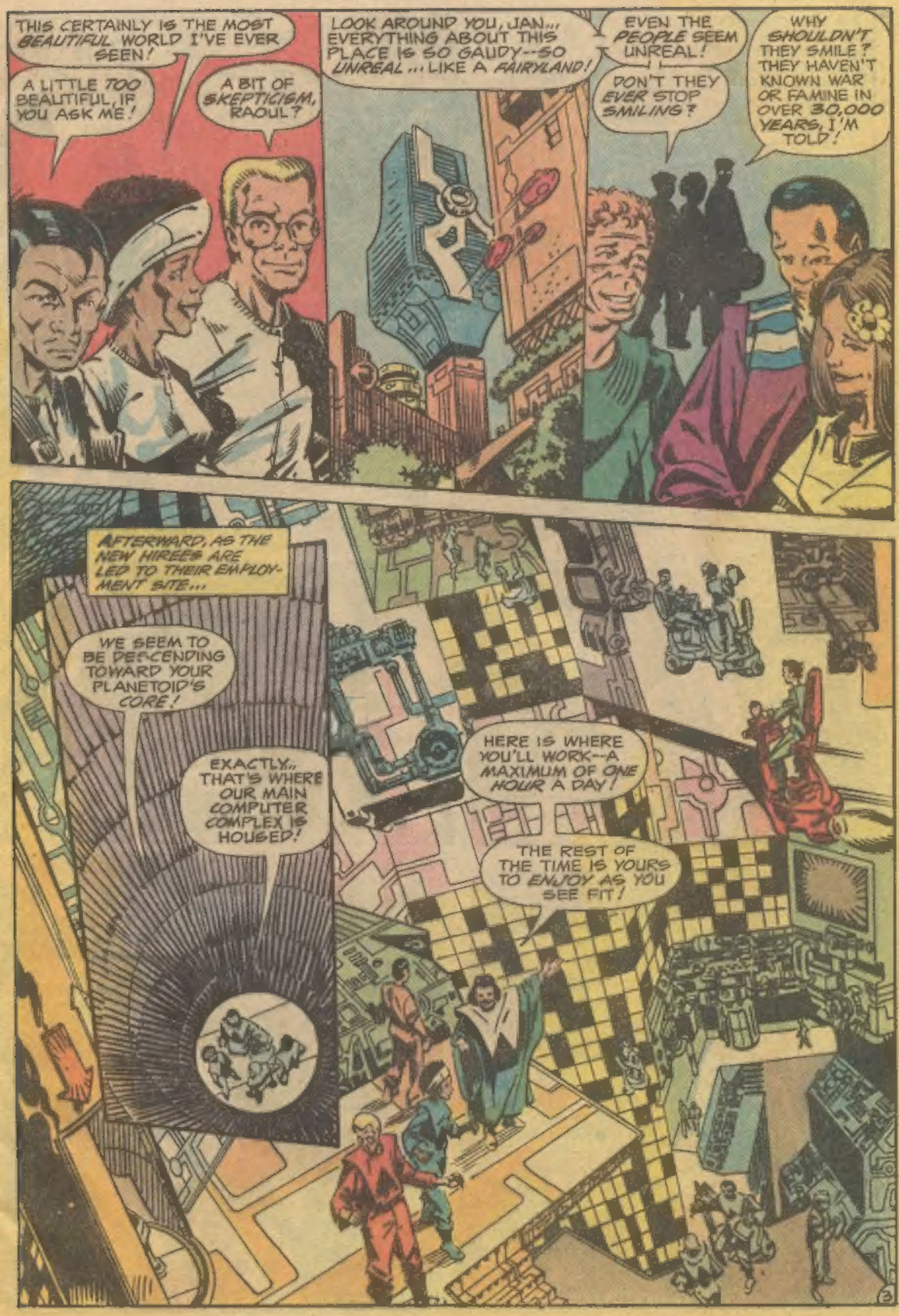
THAT'S HOW WE'RE ABLE TO MAINTAIN PERFECT CONDITIONS ON OREGA... AND TO PREVENT INVASIONS--OR UNAUTHORIZED DEPARTURES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "UNAUTHORIZED"?
ACCORDING TO YOUR PROSPECTUS, THERE ARE NO LAW, POLICE OR ANY OTHER FORMS OF RESTRICTION ON OREGA!
TRUE, TRUE... HA-HA... "UNAUTHORIZED" WAS AN OBSOLETE WORD!
ACTUALLY, IT'S BEEN EONS SINCE ANYONE EVEN WANTED TO LEAVE!
A GALA RECEPTION AWAITS THE NEW ARRIVALS...
WELCOME! WELCOME TO OREGA!
YOU MUST BE FAMISHED... OUR HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE WILL CONDUCT YOU TO YOUR DWELLING!
HOW WAS THE TRIP? DID THEY... SUSPECT ANYTHING?
THE GIRL--GRACE WILLS--AND THE TALL, BLONDE MAN--IAN ARTHUR... THEY SEEM QUITE ACCEPTING!
BUT THE SHORT, DARK MAN--RAOUL ORTIZ... HE ASKS MANY QUESTIONS!
WELL--I'M SURE, IF THERE ARE ANY PROBLEMS, HE CAN BE... HA-HA... MOLDED INTO SHAPE, AS THE SAYING GOES!
2


THIS CERTAINLY IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORLD I'VE EVER SEEN!
A LITTLE TOO BEAUTIFUL, IF YOU ASK ME!
A BIT OF SKEPTICISM, RAOUL?
LOOK AROUND YOU, JAN... EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE IS SO GAUDY--SO UNREAL... LIKE A FAIRYLAND!
EVEN THE PEOPLE SEEM UNREAL!
DON'T THEY EVER STOP SMILING?
WHY SHOULDN'T THEY SMILE? THEY HAVEN'T KNOWN WAR OR FAMINE IN OVER 30,000 YEARS, I'M TOLD!
AFTERWARD, AS THE NEW HIREES ARE LED TO THEIR EMPLOYMENT SITE...
WE SEEM TO BE DESCENDING TOWARD YOUR PLANETOID'S CORE!
EXACTLY... THAT'S WHERE OUR MAIN COMPUTER COMPLEX IS HOUSED!
HERE IS WHERE YOU'LL WORK--A MAXIMUM OF ONE HOUR A DAY!
THE REST OF THE TIME IS YOURS TO ENJOY AS YOU SEE FIT!

AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR SYSTEM IS SO VAST, OUR WORKERS REQUIRE VEHICLES TO MOVE ABOUT!
BUT WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF THIS VAST COMPLEX?
YOU'RE ASKING US TO PROGRAM COMPUTERS WHOSE FUNCTION WE DON'T EVEN--
PHWHAM
ARRRGH!
RAOUL!
DEAR ME-- AN ACCIDENT!
HAVE NO FEAR... WE'LL GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!
HE'LL BE WELL IN NO TIME AT ALL!
INCREDIBLE, GRACE -- EVEN A SERIOUS MISHAP DOESN'T FAZE THESE OREGANS!
RAOUL WAS RIGHT, JAN... THERE IS SOMETHING UNREAL ABOUT THEM!
I WONDER... COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THESE COMPUTERS?
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE EXPERTS... LET'S START FINDING OUT!
BUT EVEN AS THEY STUDY THE VAST NETWORK OF TAPES AND CIRCUITS...
THEY SEEM TO TIE INTO SOME UNIQUE FORM OF ROBOTICS!
MAYBE... BUT WE HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE ROBOT ON THIS WORLD!
HEY, YOU TWO! NOW WHO'S DOING ALL THE WORRYING?

RAOUL! YOU-- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
BUT...YOU WERE GONE LESS THAN AN HOUR!?
NEVER FELT BETTER!
THEIR SCIENCE IS MARVELOUS HERE... THEY CAN MEND BONES, REPLACE ORGANS-- IN A MATTER OF MINUTES!
WELL? WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE?
WE'RE PAID TO WORK, NOT GOOF OFF!
LET'S GET STARTED!
IS THAT THE SAME RAOUL WHO WAS SO CYNICAL JUST AN HOUR AGO?
I GUESS, MAYBE, THAT FAST CURE GAVE HIM A FAST CHANGE OF HEART!
AMID OPULENT SPLENDOR, THE MONTHS PASS SWIFTLY FOR THE EARTH PEOPLE...

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

THE VOYAGES OF THE EXPLORATION SHIP
ZNUTAR
A STARSHIP ON A MISSION OF EMPIRE
ZNUTAR
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...
SNUDAL 3
SNUDAL 1
SNUDAL 2
ARE TWO BRIGHT STARS, WHERE FERTILE WORLDS HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO SEVERAL RACES OF INDUSTRIOUS INHABITANTS.
ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY THE CREATURES OF THE FIVE PRINCIPLE WORLDS DISCOVERED SPACE TRAVEL...
AND EACH OTHER!
NOBODY THOUGHT ABOUT MAKING WAR
HOORAY!
CHEER!
HUZZA!
SO THEY MADE PEACE AND HAD A GOOD TIME INSTEAD!
THEY FORMED A COOPERATIVE GOVERNMENT.
TRADE AND DEVELOPMENT FOLLOWED AT AN INCREDIBLE PACE.
IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL...
THE INHABITANTS ALL CHIPPED IN A YEARS WAGES, SO THE GOVERNMENT COULD BUILD AN EXPLORATION SHIP... THAT WOULD TRAVEL TO THE STARS!
ZNUTAR
WOW!
IMPRESSIVE
SWOOSH
WOW! VIEW!
AND THEY TOOK OFF FOR POINTS UNKNOWN!
SEVERAL YEARS HAVE PASSED.
THE ZNUTAR HAD LOOKED OVER MANY NEW WORLDS
UNFORTUNATELY, ALL THE WORLDS THEY HAD EXPLORED SO FAR HAD BEEN FOUND TO BE UNLIVEABLE
THEN ONE DAY...
THE PROBE SAID THIS WORLD IS SIMILAR TO SNUDL!
A CHANCE TO FIND FRIENDS
DID YOU BRING YOUR STUN PISTOLS?
THEY LOOK FRIENDLY, HAND ME MY SPEECH!
HERE IT'S
OK!
SNOB, YOU GATHER SOME ROCK SAMPLES!
OOK
BLA-BLA-BLA, AND AS A GESTURE OF GOOD WILL, I'D LIKE TO ASK FOR A VOLUNTEER TO RETURN WITH US TO SNUDL.
!!!
ZNUTAR
I FOUND THIS BEAUTIFUL GREEN ROCK
WITH YOUR ROCK AND THIS VOLUNTEER THE CAP'N SHOULD BE HAPPY
OOK! OOK OOK
OF COURSE NOT ZGWORTZ FOR EVERYONE!
HEY, KEEP IT AWAY FROM THE ROCK
YOU DON'T THINK THE ROCK UNDERSTOOD US!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CREW OF THE ZNUTAR, THE BEAUTIFUL GREEN ROCK BROUGHT ABOARD THEIR SPACESHIP WAS ACTUALLY AN AWFUL GREEN THING! ONCE ABOARD IT QUICKLY GREW AND...
THE AWFUL GREEN THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE
A LOONAR GAME FOR SPACE TRAVELERS AGES 8 & UP
CATCH THIS ONE AND ALL THE OTHER GREEN GAMES FROM TSR HOBBIES INC. AVAILABLE AT YOUR FAVORITE GAME STORE
MAIL IN THIS COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COLOR CATALOG INTO THE GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE
NAME
ADDRESS
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STATE
ZIP
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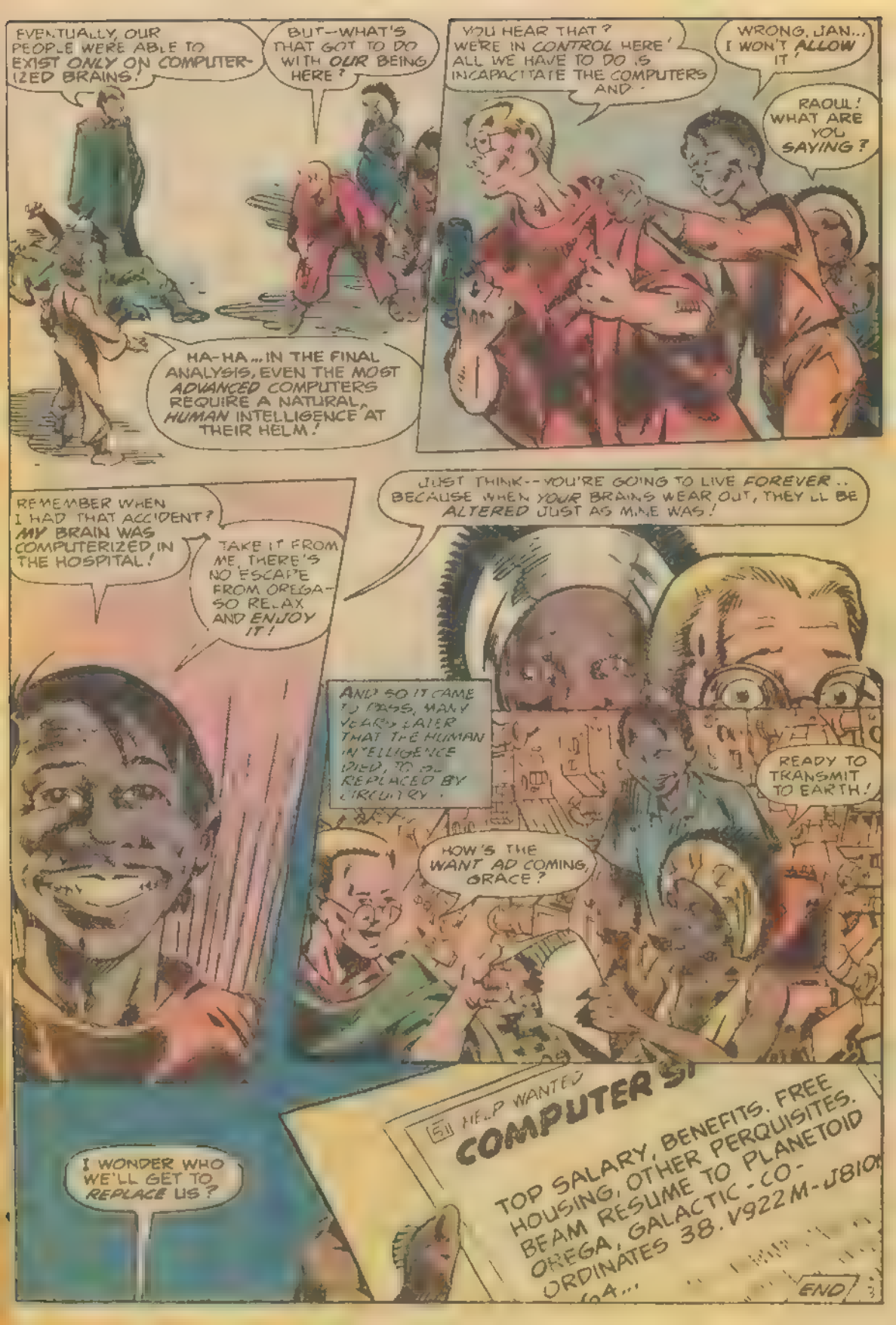
LAKE GENEVA, WI. 53147
THE GAME WIZARDS

...BUT NOT SWIFTLY ENOUGH TO CONQUER THEIR CREEPING HOMESICKNESS!
FOUR TIMES WE REQUESTED LEAVE PASSAGE TO EARTH, AND FOUR TIMES YOU TURNED US DOWN!
WE SIMPLY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'D WANT TO LEAVE OREGA--EVEN BRIEFLY!
JUST TO VISIT OUR FAMILIES--OUR FRIENDS!
VERY COMMENDABLE--BUT OUT OF THE QUESTION!
TRAVEL RESTRICTION IS THE ONE LAW STILL ENFORCED ON OREGA!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
THIS EARTH-WEAPON SAYS YOU'LL EITHER GIVE US A SHIP OR I'LL BLAST OUR WAY ABOARD ONE!
JAN! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?
WATCH OUT, RAOUL!
AIEEEEE!!!
KLLLZ
OH MY GOD--!
I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL ANYONE!
JAN! RAOUL! LOOK AT HIS HEAD!

HIS BRAIN... NOTHING BUT A MASS OF COMPUTERIZED CIRCUITS!
BUT--HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE? THE REST OF HIM IS FLESH AND BLOOD!
I SUPPOSE WE MIGHT AS WELL TELL THEM!
WHY NOT? SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL FIND OUT ANYWAY!
FIND... OUT... WHAT?
MANY MILLENNIA AGO, WE WERE "NORMAL" HUMANS IDENTICAL TO EARTH PEOPLE--THOUGH FAR ADVANCED IN OUR DEVELOPMENT!
WITH BREAKTHROUGHS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY, BRAIN SURGERY TOOK A BOLD TURN...
THIS ELECTRODE NOT ONLY REPLACES THE INJURED NEURONS... IT WILL OUTLAST THE REST OF THE BRAIN BY HUNDREDS OF YEARS!
"THAT WAS THE FIRST STEP IN A PROCESS THAT EVOLVED OVER THE CENTURIES..."
A COMPUTERIZED BRAIN IS SO MUCH MORE DEPENDABLE!
WAY WAIT FOR ILLNESS, TO MAKE REPLACEMENTS?
LET'S CONVERT THE BRAINS OF ALL LIVING PERSONS!
7


EVENTUALLY, OUR PEOPLE WERE ABLE TO EXIST ONLY ON COMPUTERIZED BRAINS!
BUT--WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH OUR BEING HERE?
HA-HA... IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, EVEN THE MOST ADVANCED COMPUTERS REQUIRE A NATURAL, HUMAN INTELLIGENCE AT THEIR HELM!
YOU HEAR THAT? WE'RE IN CONTROL HERE! ALL WE HAVE TO DO, IS INCAPACITATE THE COMPUTERS AND-
WRONG, JAN... I WON'T ALLOW IT!
RAOUL! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
REMEMBER WHEN I HAD THAT ACCIDENT? MY BRAIN WAS COMPUTERIZED IN THE HOSPITAL!
TAKE IT FROM ME, THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM OREGA-SO RELAX AND ENJOY IT!
JUST THINK--YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER.. BECAUSE WHEN YOUR BRAINS WEAR OUT, THEY'LL BE ALTERED JUST AS MINE WAS!
AND SO IT CAME TO PASS, MANY YEARS LATER THAT THE HUMAN INTELLIGENCE DIED, TO BE REPLACED BY CIRCUITRY.
READY TO TRANSMIT TO EARTH!
HOW'S THE WANT AD COMING, GRACE?
I WONDER WHO WE'LL GET TO REPLACE US?
HELP WANTED
COMPUTER
TOP SALARY, BENEFITS, FREE HOUSING, OTHER PERQUISITES. BEAM RESUME TO PLANETOID OREGA, GALACTIC-CO-ORDINATES 38.V922M-JB10...
END

PASSAGES

LEN WEIN: WRITER JOE STATON: ARTIST TODD KLEIN: LETTERER G.D'ANGELO: COLORIST

WHEN THE FIRST *ROCKET* LEFT EARTH THE BOY WAS *FIVE* AND TOO CONCERNED W[illegible] *BEING* FIVE TO EVER THINK ABOUT THE *STARS*...

...BUT THE *STARS* WERE *WAITING!*

WHEN THE SIXTH ROCKET LEFT EARTH THE BOY W[illegible] *FIFTEEN* AND TOO CONCERNED [illegible] HIS *ALGEBRA GRADES* AND HIS *VARSITY LETTER* TO EVER THINK ABOUT THE *STARS*...

BUT ST[illegible] THE STARS WERE *WAITING!*

WHEN THE TWELFTH ROCKET LEFT EARTH, THE BOY WAS *TWENTY-FIVE* AND TOO CONCERNED WITH THE *GIRL HE LOVED* AND [illegible] BRAND-NEW *JOB* TO [illegible] THE *STARS*.

[illegible] THE STARS WERE [illegible] *WAITING!*

WHEN THE EIGHTEENTH ROCKET LEFT EARTH, THE BOY WAS *THIRTY-FIVE* -- AND TOO CONCERNED WITH HIS OVERWEIGHT *WIFE*, HIS DEMANDING *KIDS*, AND HIS IMPENDING *PROMOTION* TO EVER THINK ABOUT THE *STARS*

[illegible] THE [illegible] *WAITING!*

WHEN THE TWENTY SIXTH ROCKET LEFT EARTH, THE BOY WAS *FORTY-FIVE* -AND TOO CONCERNED WITH SPIRALING *INFLATION* A BLEEDING *ULCER*, AND HIS *EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENCY* TO EVER THINK ABOUT THE *STARS*.

AND AGAIN THE STARS WERE *WAITING!*

WHEN THE *LAST* ROCKET LEFT EARTH, THE BOY WAS *FIFTY-FIVE* -AND NOW, AT LAST HE THOUGHT OF NOTHING *BUT* THE *STARS*. BUT, OF COURSE, HE WAS FAR, FAR *TOO LATE!*

NOT EVEN THE *STARS* [illegible] *WAIT FOREVER!*

END

ADVERTISEMENT

BATMAN
VS.
THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS
KAPOW
BOOF
THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS HAS CHOSEN ITS NEXT VICTIM... THE CAPED CRUSADER HIMSELF!
THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS HAS DEVELOPED THE MARTIAL ARTS INTO A DEADLY SCIENCE.
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! THEIR HANDS ARE DEADLY WEAPONS.
CHOP
BUT I KNOW A WAY TO CHANGE THAT!
HOSTESS® TWINKIES® CAKES! LET ME GET MY HANDS ON THEM.
I LOVE THAT CREAMED FILLING
GIVE ME THAT GOLDEN SPONGE CAKE.
THIS SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND
NOW THAT THE LEAGUE OF ASSASSINS IS ALL WRAPPED UP... I CAN HEAD HOME.
YOU GET A BIG DELIGHT IN EVERY BITE OF HOSTESS® TWINKIES® CAKES
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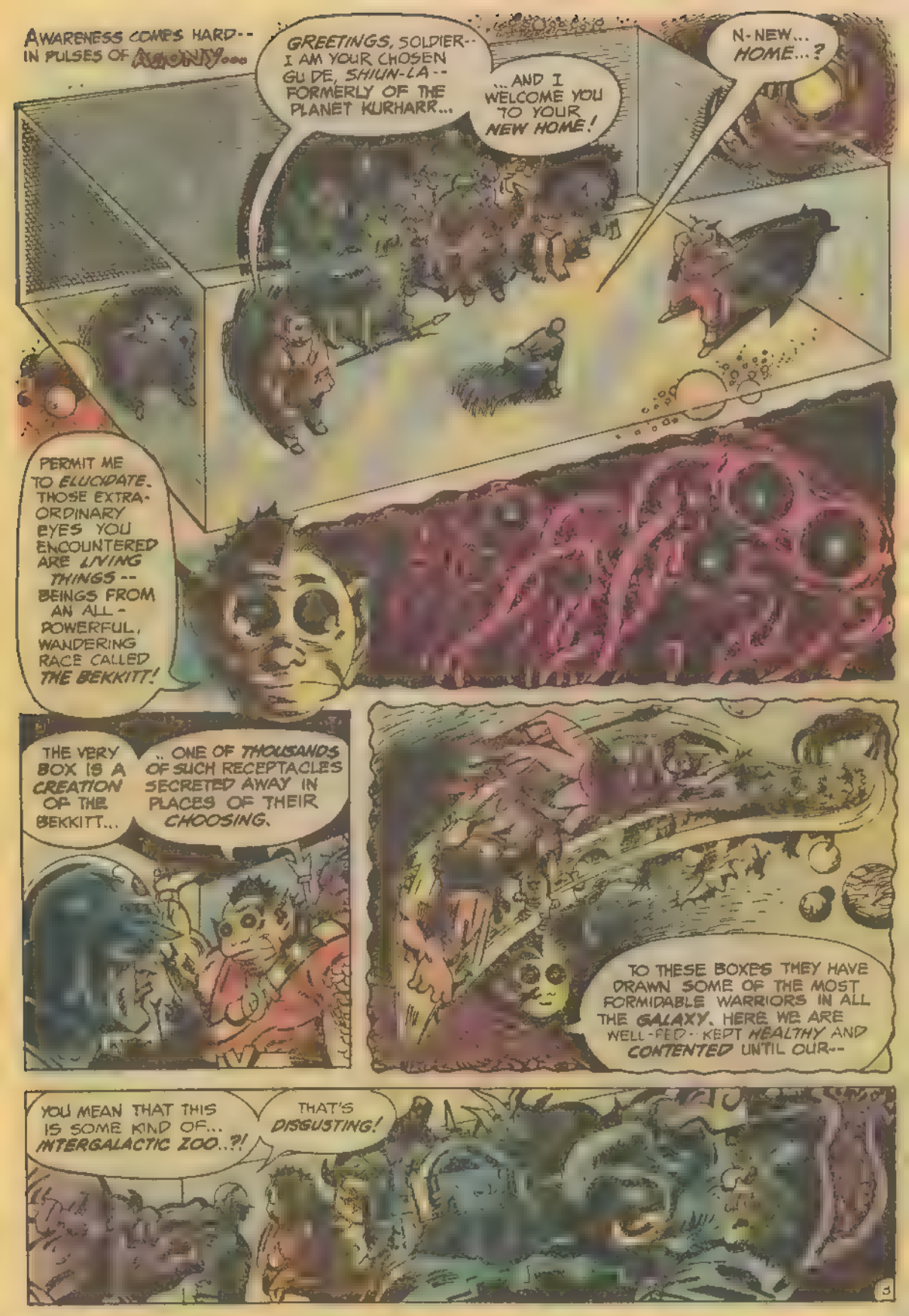
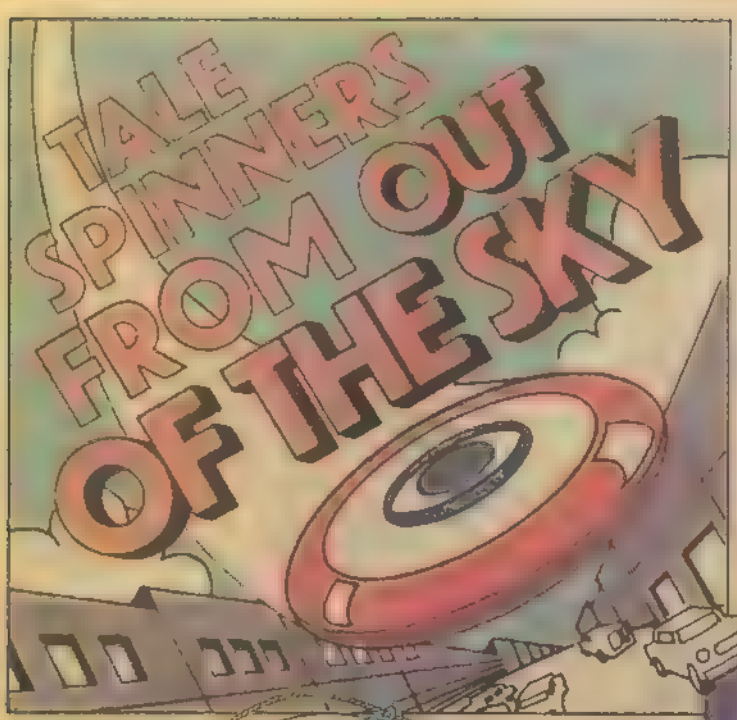
THE INSURRECTION ON PLANET CON 21-Z WAS A ROUTINE ONE FOR GENERAL CAIN WINDSINGER. THE DOSTOLS --AN ALIEN RACE THAT HAD PREVIOUSLY ACCEPTED THE RULING HAND OF THE GALACTIC REPUBLIC WITH LITTLE RESISTANCE -- HAD SUDDENLY GROWN QUITE BOLD -- AND IT WAS UP TO WINDSINGER AND HIS REPUBLIC DEFENSE ARMY TO QUELL THE UPRISING.
ZAPPT!
THE GENERAL EXPECTED THE USUAL SAVAGE SLAUGHTER. WHAT HE DIDN'T EXPECT WAS TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH...
"THE EYES OF THE BEKKITT!"
WINDSINGER JOINED THE R.D.A. AT THE TENDER AGE OF SIXTEEN AND IT HAS BEEN HOME TO HIM EVER SINCE.
ZAPT
THE HORROR OF INTER-PLANETARY WAR HAS BEEN HIS ONE TRUE COMPANION -- HE EXULTS IN THE INSANE ROAR OF BATTLE.
J.M. DE MATTEIS, WRITER * JERRY GRANDENETTI, ARTIST * BEN ODA, LETTERER * BOB LE ROSE, COLORS

DEATH IS NOT SOMETHING CAIN WINDSINGER FEARS...
...IT IS A GOD HE WORSHIPS!
THERE! THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THAT SLIMY POSTOL...
...SCUM...?
IT HAPPENS QUICKLY:
FIRST THE CHILLING CLOAK OF BLACKNESS...
...AND THEN: THE EYES!!
NOOOO!
TWO GREAT BLACK EYES THAT SEEM TO PIERCE SHAMELESSLY TO THE DEPTHS OF WINDSINGER'S SOUL.. FERRETING EVERY DARK SECRET HE POSSESSES!
THERE IS A STENCH -- FETID AND UNCLEAN -- THAT POURS FROM THOSE EYES AS THEY DRAW CLOSER -- ACCUSING AND THREATENING...
AS HIS SHOCKED MIND COLLAPSES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS -- CAIN WINDSINGER GIVES VOICE TO A STRANGLED CRY OF PRIMAL TERROR...
AND THEN THE DEVOURING DARKNESS RETURNS -- AND HE WELCOMES IT...
2

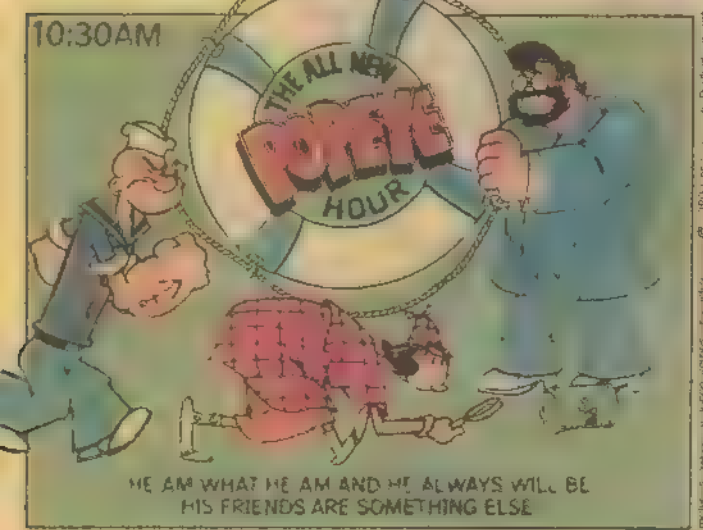

AWARENESS COMES HARD-- IN PULSES OF AGONY...
GREETINGS, SOLDIER-- I AM YOUR CHOSEN GUIDE, SHIUN-LA-- FORMERLY OF THE PLANET KURHARR...
...AND I WELCOME YOU TO YOUR NEW HOME!
N-NEW... HOME...?
PERMIT ME TO ELUCIDATE. THOSE EXTRA-ORDINARY EYES YOU ENCOUNTERED ARE LIVING THINGS-- BEINGS FROM AN ALL-POWERFUL, WANDERING RACE CALLED THE BEKKITT!
THE VERY BOX IS A CREATION OF THE BEKKITT...
...ONE OF THOUSANDS OF SUCH RECEPTACLES SECRETED AWAY IN PLACES OF THEIR CHOOSING.
TO THESE BOXES THEY HAVE DRAWN SOME OF THE MOST FORMIDABLE WARRIORS IN ALL THE GALAXY. HERE WE ARE WELL-FED-- KEPT HEALTHY AND CONTENTED UNTIL OUR--
YOU MEAN THAT THIS IS SOME KIND OF... INTERGALACTIC ZOO..?!
THAT'S DISGUSTING!

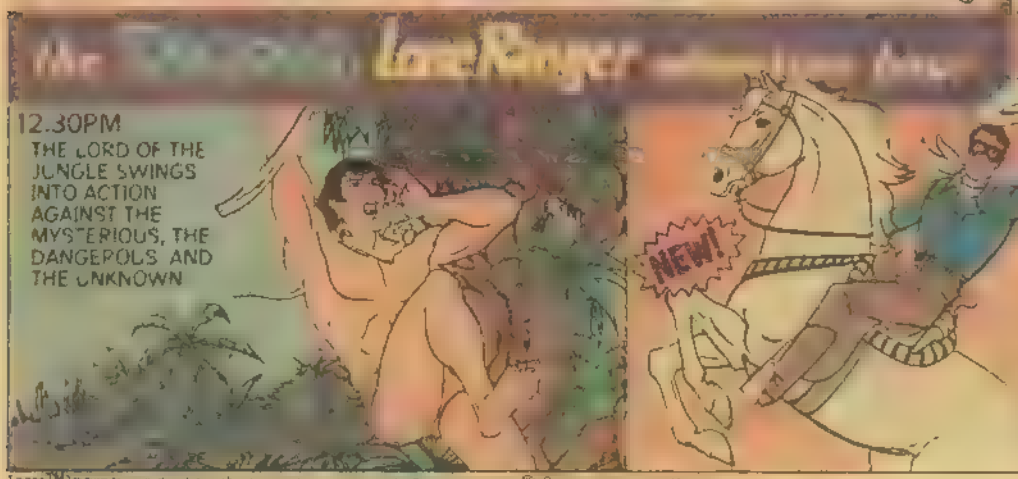
I'VE SPENT THIRTY YEARS IN THE R.D.A.--I'VE BEEN DECORATED A HUNDRED TIMES!
I CAN'T HAVE MY RISE IN THE RANKS STOPPED DEAD BY THE WHIM OF SOME ALIEN... ABOMINATION!
IN ANOTHER TWO YEARS I'D HAVE A SEAT ON THE HIGH COUNCIL!
I'D HAVE HAD POWER!
NO--YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE DOING! ALLOW ME TO EX--
LET ME BE, YOU M.S-BEGOTTEN FREAK--OR SO HELP ME...
...I'LL KILL YOU!!
WHAM!
UNGH!
SO--YOU'VE COME TO WATCH, HAVE YOU, BEKKITT?
WELL, WATCH THEN..
.. AS CAIN WINDSINGER BREAKS...


TALE SPINNERS FROM OUT OF THE SKY

8AM
THE NEW ADVENTURES of
MIGHTY MOUSE AND HECKLE JECKLE

11:30AM
NEW!


10:30AM
THE ALL NEW
POPEYE
HOUR
HE AM WHAT HE AM AND HE ALWAYS WILL BE
HIS FRIENDS ARE SOMETHING ELSE


Lone Ranger
12:30PM
THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAINST THE MYSTERIOUS, THE DANGEROUS AND THE UNKNOWN
NEW!
RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTER YEAR WITH ALL NEW ADVENTURES OF THE MASKED MAN & HIS INDIAN COMPANION TONTO

8:30AM
THE NEW! TOM AND JERRY COMEDY SHOW
TO CATCH OR NOT TO CATCH THAT IS THE QUEST. WITH WACKY TACTICS THE METHOD TO THEIR CAT AND MOUSE MADNESS.
9AM
THE FLINTSTONES
THE BUNNY AND THE BEAR ARE BACK AGAIN WITH THEIR RIB-TICKLING CAST OF LOONIES AND THAT GIANT ALL FOLKS
Dark
12 NOON
THE NEW FAT ALBERT SHOW
NEW TIME!
FAT ALBERT AND THE DUDES ARE STILL DOING IT RIGHT, FALLING ALL OVER EACH OTHER BUT COMING UP TIGHT
1:30PM
30 MINUTES
IN THE NEWS
CONTROVERSIAL HARD-HITTING REPORTS ON CURRENT ISSUES DIRECTLY AFFECTING YOU
LIVE ACTION
STARTING SEPTEMBER 6TH
CBS
SATURDAY
WE NOW RETURN CONTROL OF THIS COMIC BOOK TO YOU.

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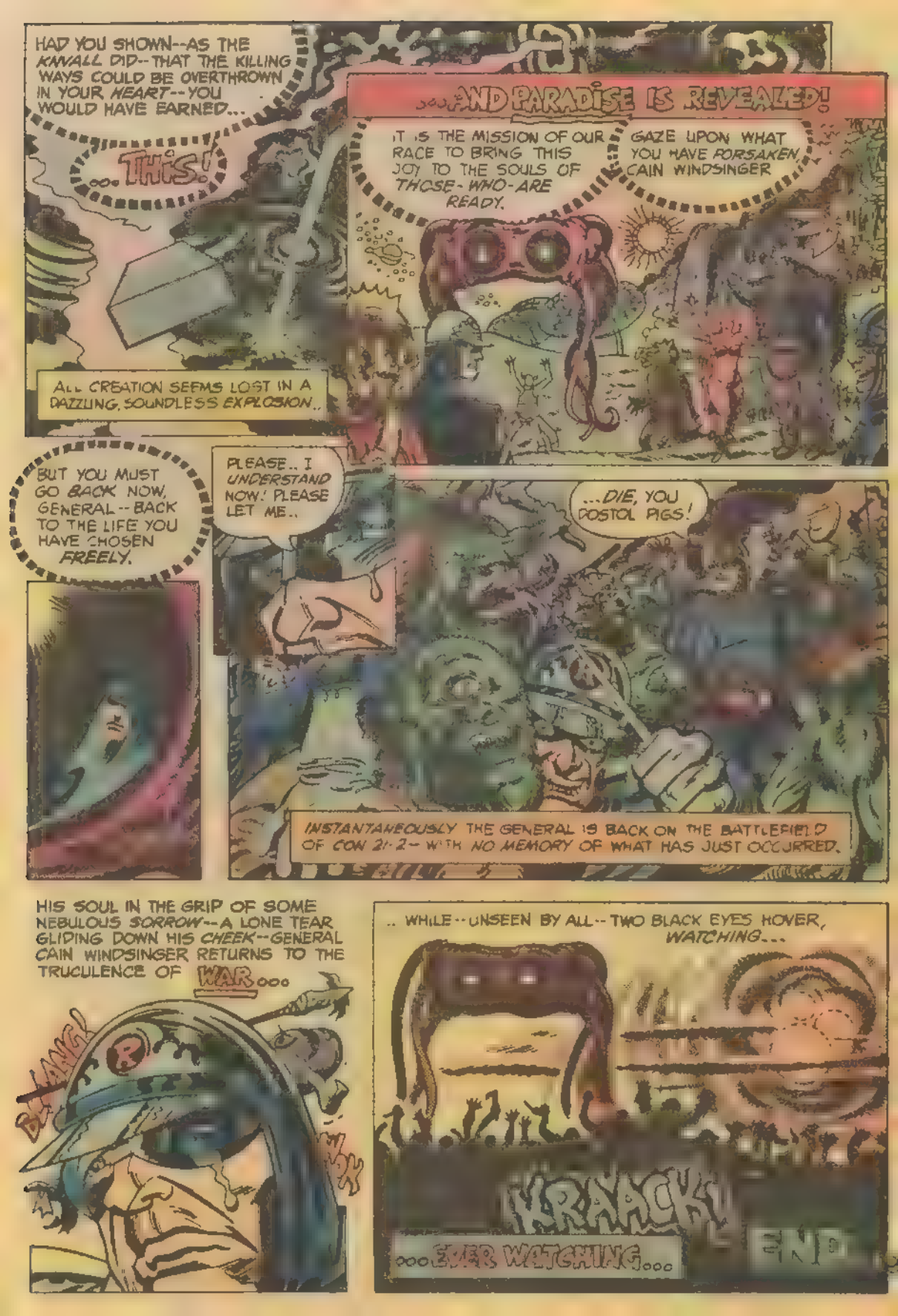
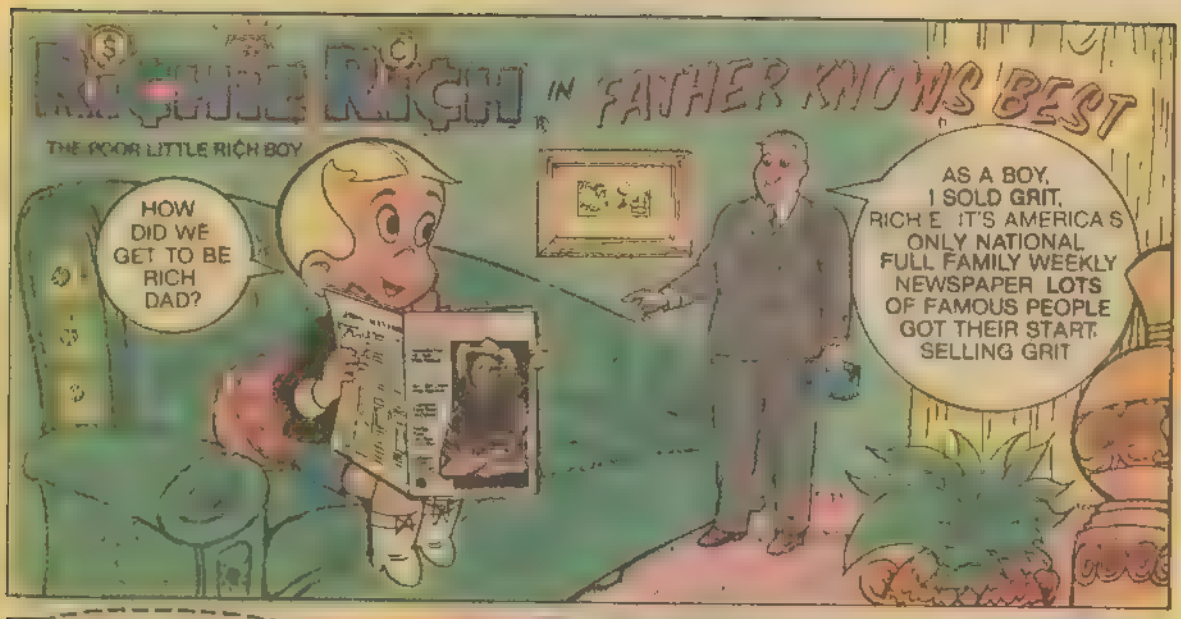
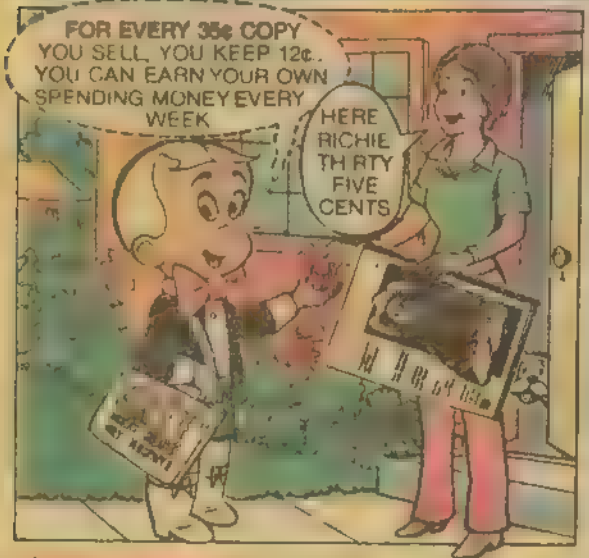
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ... ANYTHING ABOUT THIS PLACE!
YOU WILL SEE IT ALL SOON ENOUGH, GENERAL WINDSINGER...
THE VOICE IS A MELLIFLUOUS LILT, AND--FOR AN INSTANT --IT SOOTHES WINDSINGER'S TORMENTED SOUL...
...UNTIL HE REALIZES FROM WHAT BRAIN THE TELEPATHIC CALL ORIGINATES...
PUT... ME... DOWN...
SAVE YOUR MUCH-APPLAUDED FEROCITY, GENERAL..
NOOOO!
YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH, SOLDIER. THESE BOXES EXIST ONE STEP OUT OF TIME -- BEYOND THE NORMAL PLANE OF REALITY...
...YOU CAN NOT UNDERSTAND THE POWER OF THE BEKKITT.
WHERE THE...?
WE ARE STILL WITHIN THE BOX, SOLDIER- BUT THE BEKKITT HAVE ALTERED THINGS TO SUIT THE COMING BATTLE.
WHO AM I TO BATTLE-- YOU? AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE?
YOUR OPPONENT STANDS OVER THERE-- WITH HIS CHOSEN GUIDE. AS FOR THE PURPOSE OF THE BATTLE...
...ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT THE TRUE VICTOR WILL GAIN FREEDOM...
...WHILE THE LOSER SHALL BE IMPRISONED FOREVER.
WAIT! I--
6

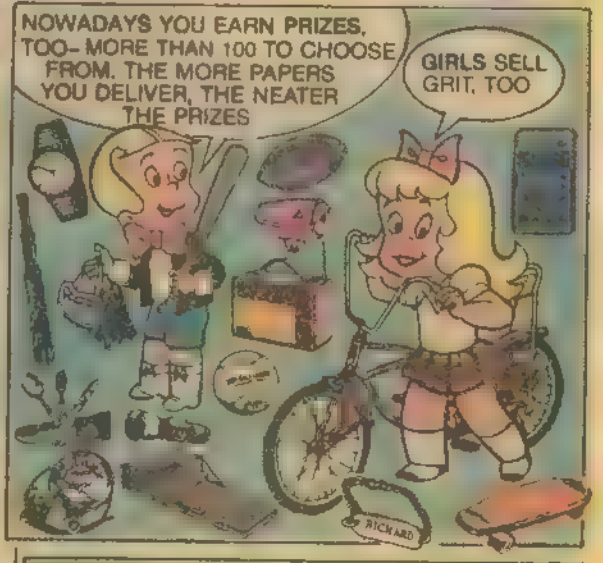
THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN A MAD JUMBLE -- I'VE BEEN CONFUSED-- MISDIRECTED..
...BUT NOW-- AT LAST-- I HAVE A PURPOSE!
THE BEKKITT PROMISE FREEDOM IN RETURN FOR VICTORY-- IN RETURN FOR A FINE BIT OF BUTCHERY!
WELL, THE SONG OF WAR IS THE ONE SONG I'VE PLAYED FOR MY ENTIRE LIFE..
--AND-- BY THE REPUBLIC-- I PLAY IT WELL!
Viiiii
BUT THE MASSIVE WARRIOR FROM THE BARBAROUS FRINGE WORLD OF KNVALL IS NO MERE NOVICE EITHER--AS THE SEARING BLADE OF HIS KIYLA (ELECTRO-SHOCK SWORD) PROVES MOST COGENTLY...
SSSSZZZZZZZZZZT!!!...
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, FILTH! WE OF THE REPUBLIC DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEING BESTED BY OUTWORLD GARBAGE!
DARSHNE HOO-NI VARN..? SL' ARN-KOONX-JB!
SO YOU DON'T SPEAK THE REPUBLICAN TONGUE AS THAT FOOL SHIUN LA DID, EH?
EVEN SO--I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND YOUR SCREAMS AS THIS SONIC-STAFF SCRAMBLES YOUR BRAINS!
GAiii!
ZAP
THE KNVALL'S VOICE IS WEARY-- ITS WORDS WEIGHTED WITH AN INEFFABLE SADNESS...

MUSTERING EVERY LAST IOTA OF HIS DRAINING STRENGTH- FIGHTING OFF THE EXCRUCIATING WAVES OF AUDIBLE DEATH-- THE KNVALL RAISES TREMBLING HANDS... AND ACTS!
THE GO-BEEN CENERY NET ENCIRCLES THE GENERAL...
...PARALYZING HIM--LEAVING HIM OPEN FOR THE FATAL FALL OF THE BLADE
FOR AN INSTANT THE KNVALL'S EYES DANCE WITH THE LIGHT OF BLOODY VENGEANCE...
...BUT THEN...
KO-ZAR - BL' GNADD... PARRFF.
YOU'RE.. SETTING ME FREE...? SPARING ME..?
WHY, THAT'S...
...INCREDIBLY STUPID!
RRF
ZAAK
THAT'S IT! I'VE..
...WON!
NO, SOLDIER... YOU HAVE NOT WON. YOU POOR, WRETCHED FOOL-- YOU HAVE LOST EVERYTHING.
ALL YOUR ASSUMPTIONS ABOUT THE BEKKITT--THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES OF YOUR ABDUCTION... THEY WERE SO WRONG!
YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE, CAIN WINDSINGER - BECAUSE YOU CALLED TO US.
WHAT..?
YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND CRIED OUT FOR SAVING - FOR RESPITE FROM A LIFE OF BLOOD AND THUNDER...
...WE HEARD THE CALL AND RESPONDED--AS WE RESPOND TO THE CALLS OF ALL THE BEINGS YOU SEE AROUND YOU!


HAD YOU SHOWN--AS THE KANALL DID--THAT THE KILLING WAYS COULD BE OVERTHROWN IN YOUR HEART--YOU WOULD HAVE EARNED...
...THIS!
...AND PARADISE IS REVEALED!
IT IS THE MISSION OF OUR RACE TO BRING THIS JOY TO THE SOULS OF THOSE-WHO-ARE READY.
GAZE UPON WHAT YOU HAVE FORSAKEN, CAIN WINDSINGER
ALL CREATION SEEMS LOST IN A DAZZLING, SOUNDLESS EXPLOSION..
BUT YOU MUST GO BACK NOW, GENERAL--BACK TO THE LIFE YOU HAVE CHOSEN FREELY.
PLEASE.. I UNDERSTAND NOW! PLEASE LET ME..
...DIE, YOU POSTOL PIGS!
INSTANTANEOUSLY THE GENERAL IS BACK ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CON 21-2-- WITH NO MEMORY OF WHAT HAS JUST OCCURRED.
HIS SOUL IN THE GRIP OF SOME NEBULOUS SORROW--A LONE TEAR GLIDING DOWN HIS CHEEK--GENERAL CAIN WINDSINGER RETURNS TO THE TRUCULENCE OF WAR...
BLANG!
.. WHILE--UNSEEN BY ALL--TWO BLACK EYES HOVER, WATCHING...
KRAACK!
...EVER WATCHING...
END


RICH KID
IN FATHER KNOWS BEST
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY
HOW DID WE GET TO BE RICH DAD?
AS A BOY, I SOLD GRIT. RICH E IT'S AMERICA S ONLY NATIONAL FULL FAMILY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER LOTS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE GOT THEIR START SELLING GRIT

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GIRLS SELL GRIT, TOO

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ARNIE? HEY, ARNIE -- CAN YOU HEAR ME? WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?
WHERE ARE YOU?
WHAT A GUY! I SEND HIM STARSIDE TO HANDLE A MINOR REPAIR JOB -- AND ALL HE DOES IS CREATE NEW PROBLEMS!
HE'D BETTER-- HUH? THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM--!?!
BUT EVEN USING HIS PERSONAL PORTAPAK INSTEAD OF A LIFELINE, HE COULDN'T HAVE STRAYED TOO FAR WITHOUT--
--NO! LORD... NO!
NOW I KNOW WHAT MUST VE HAPPENED TO ARNIE!
GREMLINS
JOE HUBER
THE SAME NIGHTMARE THAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!
LEN WEIN - WRITER
TATJANA WOOD - COLORIST
BEN ODA - LETTERER

THEY SEEM TO BE SCAVENGERS OF SOME SORT - LIKE THE GREMLINS OF ANCIENT EARTH LEGEND!
THEY MUST'VE CAUGHT POOR ARNIE UNAWARES, CARRIED HIM OFF...
... AND KILLED HIM!
GOD, THEY'RE ALL OVER ME - I CAN FEEL THEM THROUGH MY SUIT--!
CLINGING
HENRY
GET OFF OF ME, YOU LITTLE MONSTERS! YOU WON'T DO TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO ARNIE!
IT'S NO USE! NO MATTER HOW HARD I FIGHT THEM, THEY KEEP COMING BACK--!
NO MY LIFELINE! IT COULDN'T TAKE THE STRAIN!
LOSING AIR-- GETTING HARD TO BREATHE!
BUT MAYBE IT'S BETTER THIS WAY QUICKER!
MAYBE THIS WAY I WON'T FEEL THE PAIN
2

UUNNNHH
MY ACHING HEAD!
W-WHAT HAPPENED--?
WHERE AM I--?
BACK IN MY SHIP--?!?
BUT THAT -- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
LAST THING I REMEMBER, I WAS STARSIDE. MY LIFELINE GONE.. DRIFTING FREE... SMOTHERED IN..
..GREMLINS?
I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT THEY MUST'VE BROUGHT ME BACK...
..JUST LIKE THEY'RE BRINGING BACK ..ARNIE!
I'M TELLIN' YA, CHUM-- WHEN MY PORTAPAK MALFUNCTIONED, I FIGURED I WAS SO MUCH SPACE SCRAP!
HOW DID I SURVIVE?
YOU WERE LUCKY, ARN.E--WE BOTH WERE!
JUST BE THANKFUL WE'RE NOT ALONE OUT HERE!
THE END

WONDERS of SPACE

c/o DC COMICS INC 75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

It must be a continual source of confusion for comic fans: The DATES on the covers of our books. Here we are working on the third issue of the new MYSTERY IN SPACE in February of 1980; the book will go on sale in August of this year, but the cover date reads November! Why? Are we so overcome with the fact that we are creating a book about possible FUTURES that we have become LOST IN TIME?

The real reason dates back many decades to when comic publishers were trying to keep their books on the stands for a longer and longer period of time (insuring bigger sales). Somewhere along the line, someone had the bright idea to post-date the books! This way, they reasoned, magazine dealers would leave a "June" book on the stands all the way THROUGH June, giving potential readers more opportunity to purchase the book. Unfortunately, two things occurred to make this idea a bit unsound: One, EVERYONE started doing it and two, as soon as the next issue of any given mag was shipped to the dealer, he returned the unsold previous issue no matter WHAT the date was.

But because of the change, it was now too late to go back and correct the date. It would have been confusing to publish multiple dated issues, bearing different numbers but the same date, so the industry stayed with the post-dated magazines. And introducing a new title doesn't help, since these new books have to compete with what is already on the stands. For this reason, when a new title comes out, it must be dated right there along with the rest of the line.

All of this is a roundabout way to tell you that we're working on the third issue of the new MYSTERY IN SPACE before any of you has had the chance to read the first one.

We had the bright, but not terribly original idea of sending out black and white copies of the first new MIS to readers who have written us solid critiques in the past, but found it difficult to decide upon just WHO these lucky readers were to be.

One of those readers we were considering was one Tamsyn O'Flynn, a very nice lady from Massapequa, New York who had been filling our pages with the most intelligent and most neatly typed letters we'd ever seen. We were all ready to send her the xeroxes when lo and behold, Tamsyn was HIRED by DC as our new proofreader!

But there is still a "fan" in Tamsyn's heart, so we still asked her to put on her "fan hat" and take a critical look at the first issue of the new MYSTERY IN SPACE.

So, here for your enjoyment is the FIRST letter in the new WONDERS OF SPACE letter column, and probably the LAST Tamsyn O'Flynn fan letter!—Michael C. Carmichael

Dear Editor

Re: *Mystery in Space* #111 (Or How I learned to stop worrying and enjoy Science Fiction)

There is always a question in my mind when I begin a story—will the ending do justice to the beginning? So many times, a story starts off brilliantly, then either fizzles slowly to an end, or self-destructs disastrously. Fortunately, *MIS* maintains a consistently excellent quality throughout the issue. Briefly, then, a few random thoughts on the issue:

"Sure Things"—Short, but to the *point*, with a vengeance. No unnecessary narration; it doesn't belabor the point. The sheer truth is...it tickles me. "Nothing is for sure in this world except death and taxes." (from whence the title?)

"Final Warning"—The irony of the ending alone is incredible. There is obvious suspense generated throughout—but though the story moves inexorably toward the inevitable, the kicker (will he be able to transmit or *not*?) is *immediately* overwhelmed by the next panel...where two self important government employees vindicate themselves upon bureaucracy, little dreaming the direct part they are playing in its destruction. Superior resolution.

"Once Upon a Time Machine"—The Ditko artwork greatly enhances the innate charm of the story. The concept itself is intriguing, even unique. The explanations are done well within the context of the situation. BUT—he commits a crime when he "borrows" the time machine—and he's *rewarded* for his interference, not punished. Everyone Lives Happily Ever After. Of course. But curious.

"Viewpoints"—I liked this one's ability to create a genuine main character out of a computer. It's an unusual, and probably difficult, concept to make work. The last image, especially, is rather remarkable. It goes the anthropologists one better—does a so-called civilized (i.e., intelligent) creature have the right to impose its standards upon an inferior (read primitive) culture? My, my, a real quality of life question...

"The Singing"—As much as I admire this story for what it *attempts*, I have to rank it last, because it simply becomes very murky and unclear near the end. Actually, its purpose isn't even clear *then*. It *confused* me. But its main flaw seems to be that it doesn't make it on the *first* reading. It *requires* a second reading. The fact that it tries to tell the story without intrusive narration is great. Unfortunately, there's too much reliance on the artist to tell the story. It *caused* me massive puzzlement at the end, along with immediate flipping back through previous pages. Too bad.

And, finally, *Mystery in Space* is an excellent choice of title. It has a particularly special meaning for those of us who remember voyaging to Rann with Adam Strange. But most of all, it evokes the essence of what I feel imaginative Science Fiction *should* convey—*mystery*...in *space*!

Tamsyn O'Flynn

LEN'S LINE-UP—NOVEMBER

ON SALE AUGUST 11th:

THE FLASH #291—The Scarlet Speedster learns that "The Sabertooth is a Very Deadly Beast" in a Cary Bates/Don Heck collaboration. Then *Firestorm* learns why "The Hyena Laughs Last" in a Gerry Conway/George Perez/Bob Smith tale.

JUSTICE LEAGUE #184—It's a "Crisis Between Two Earths" as the *JLA*, *JSA* and *New Gods* battle Darkseid in this Gerry Conway/George Perez/Frank McLaughlin tale.

WEIRD WAR #93—They're unreal—the "Creature Commandos" by J.M. DeMatteis, Pat Broderick and John Celardo. Plus "The Ultimate Weapon" by George Kashdan, Denys Cowan and Celardo, "Rising Sun" by Mike W. Barr and Noly Zamora, and "Life Hangs By a Thread" by Carl Wessler and Vicente Alcazar.

WONDER WOMAN #273—Who is the man with "The Right Angle"? Gerry Conway, Jose Delbo and Dave Hunt know! Plus Solomon Grundy makes the *Huntress* "The Girl in the Gilded Cage" with Paul Levitz, Joe Staton and Steve Mitchell.

THE NEW TEEN TITANS #1—They're back in all-new, all exciting action by Marv Wolfman, George Perez and Romeo Tanghal. Don't miss this collector's item issue!

ON SALE AUGUST 25th

HOUSE OF MYSTERY #288—"Slave of the Pharaoh" is by Bill Kelley and Ernie Patricio; "The Long Arm of the Law" is by Berry Jameson, Irwin Hasen and Danny Bulanadi, and "The Man Who Died Tomorrow" is by Carl Wessler and Lee Elias.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER #246—The Faceless Warrior must stop "The Crack of Doom" by guest writer Robert Kanigher, Dick Ayers and Gerry Talaoc. Plus: "Battleground of the Soul" is the *Dateline:Frontline* tale by Cary Burkett and Ric Estrada; and "The Vanishing American," appears in a Kanigher/Tom Yeates short-short!

ADVENTURE COMICS #477—*Aquaman* confronts "The Outrage" with J.M. DeMatteis and Dick Giordano; *Starman* begins "The Quest for Mn'torr" with Paul Levitz, Steve Ditko and Romeo Tanghal; and *Plastic Man* becomes "Disco Plas" with Martin Pasko, Joe Staton and Bob Smith.

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN *LABORERS*-- FIRST AS SLAVES, THEN AS WORKERS OF MACHINES AND COMPUTERS! INDEED HUMANS WILL NEVER REST, UNTIL THEY FIND THE *ULTIMATE*...

BEASTS of BURDEN!

RETURNING FROM CONSTELLATION BLOOP, US THE EXPLORERS' ADVANCE REPORTS RATED BARELY ABOVE NEARTAG SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY...

WHAT ARE THEY BRINGING BACK?

WHO KNOWS? PROBABLY SOME SILLY ALIEN ARTIFACTS!

ALL I KNOW IS *MIN-PRAIS** DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM THE JOVIAN GOLF TOURNAMENT TO MAKE AN EVALUATION!

*EVALUATION--! IF I HAD A MARTIAN *NICKEL* FOR EVERY HALF-BAKED *SPACE* DISCOVERY, I...

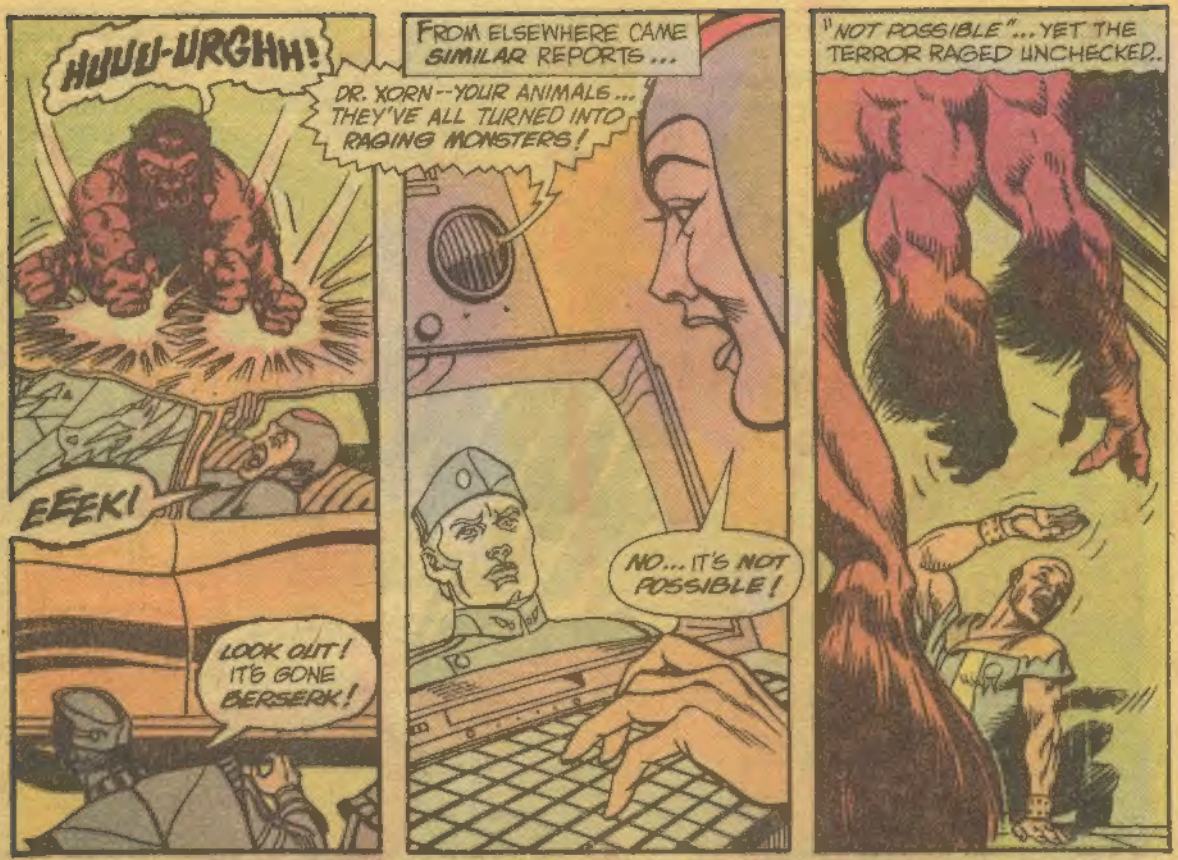
* MINISTRY OF APPRAISAL

GOOD GR.EF!

GEORGE KASHDAN [illegible]
TREVOR VON EEDEN [illegible]
JOHN SERRODO [illegible]
GUSTAVO DUQUE [illegible]
BOB LE ROSE: [illegible]

THAT BEAST MUST'VE BROKEN LOOSE FROM ITS CAGE... AND MAYBE KILLED THE CREW!
IT'S COMING FOR US! RUN!
NO--WAIT... ALL IT SEEMS TO WANT IS THE UNLOADING RAMP!
WHAT--? BUT... WHY?
IT'S DOING WHAT WE TAUGHT IT TO DO... HELPING US DISEMBARK!
HELPING YOU? THAT--THAT MINDLESS BEAST?
A BEAST PERHAPS... BUT FAR FROM MINDLESS!
I'M DOCTOR LYA XORN, CHIEF SCIENTIST OF THE EXPEDITION... AND THAT CREATURE IS OUR DISCOVERY!
WE'VE BROUGHT BACK A NUMBER OF THEM!
OBSERVE HOW EASILY THEY CAN BE TRAINED TO PERFORM THE COUNTLESS CHORES OUR ROBOTS CURRENTLY PERFORM! DO YOU REALIZE THE POSSIBILITIES?
MEDICAL S.DDLIFE

A ROBOT COSTS MILLIONS OF CREDITS TO CONSTRUCT... THESE ANIMALS CAN BE BRED FOR THE MERE PRICE OF THEIR FOOD!
AH YES... I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND!
WITH ENOUGH OF THOSE CREATURES, WE CAN EVENTUALLY PHASE OUT OUR ROBOT-PROGRAMS, SAVING EARTH TRILLIONS OF CREDITS A YEAR!
MARVELOUS! I WILL RE-COMMEND TO MIN-PRAIS THAT THEY SET A TRIAL PERIOD
IT WAS A TRIAL PERIOD THAT BROUGHT DAYS OF WONDER-MENT- AND PROMISE...
INCREDIBLE, HOW QUICKLY THEY LEARN THE MOST COMPLICATED TASKS!
EVALUATION REPORT
THEY'RE AS FRIENDLY AS PUPPY-DOGS!
BUT SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...
HURRR
AT THE RATE THESE ANIMALS BREED, WE'LL SOON BE SCRAPPING OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF ROBOTS!
ODD... THIS ONE SEEMS TROUBLED!


HUUU-URGHH!
EEEK!
LOOK OUT! IT'S GONE BERSERK!
FROM ELSEWHERE CAME SIMILAR REPORTS...
DR. XORN--YOUR ANIMALS... THEY'VE ALL TURNED INTO RAGING MONSTERS!
NO... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
"NOT POSSIBLE"... YET THE TERROR RAGED UNCHECKED..

--UNTIL THERE WAS ONLY ONE SOLUTION...
HUURRGH
GLEOOOO
OOF-I-I

BEFORE LONG...
EVERY ONE OF THEM'S BEEN KILLED, DOCTOR!
APPARENTLY, SOMETHING IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE DAMAGED THEIR BRAINS!
I'LL MAKE NO JUDGMENTS UNTIL I'VE PERFORMED AN AUTOPSY!

AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING, SCANNING, PROBING...
RECORD: NO EVIDENCE OF NATURAL CAUSES!
RECORDED!
RECORD: A UNIQUE POISON ENTERED THEIR BLOODSTREAMS!
RECORDED!
IN FACT, THE POISON WAS DELIBERATELY INJECTED! BUT BY WHOM? AND WHY?
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO DESTROY THESE ANIMALS?
RECORDED! RECORDED! RECORDED!
OH MY GOD--!
EEEEEE
SHE WOULD SOON HAVE REALIZED THAT IT WAS WE WHO POISONED THE BEASTS!
DID SHE NOT BOAST THAT THEY WOULD BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF ALL ROBOTS?
YES... SHE INDEED DESERVED TO DIE!
THE END

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